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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK—A DEPUTATION OF WOMEN INTERESTED IN THE COLLAR AND CUFF TRADE,
BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE AT ALBANY.



321-347 West Thirteenth Street,
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NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

February 29—Monday—

"Man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

—Measure for Measure, ii. 2.

March 1—Tuesday—"This is a world for action, not for moping and dreaming in."—David Copperfield.

March 2—Wednesday—

"The future hides in it
(Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us onward."—Goethe.

March 3—Thursday—"A good heart breaks bad luck."—Cervantes.

March 4—Friday—

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."—Longfellow.

March 5—Saturday—"When one sees a perfect woman, one never thinks of her attributes—one is conscious of her presence."—Middlemarch.

March 6—Sunday—

"Enough, I reckon wealth;
A man, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot."—Southwell.

These quotations should be committed to memory daily.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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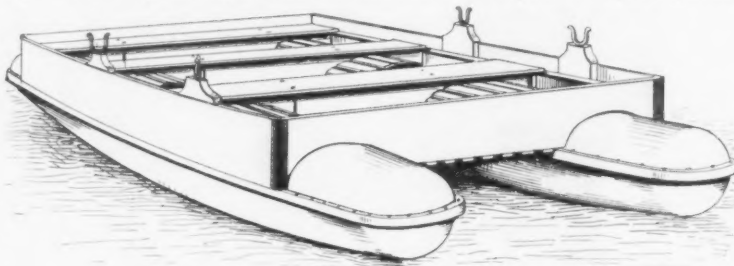
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LIFE SAVING AT SEA.

IN December, 1864, preceding the first bombardment of Fort Fisher, a force of ten thousand men were on army transports, anchored four miles north of the fort. A small number of surf-boats were on board of the transports, but the boats belonging to the fleet of vessels-of-war were detailed to do the greater part of the work of landing the troops on the narrow sandspit lying between the open sea and the broad, smooth waters of the Cape Fear River. The sea was rough, and became rougher as the day advanced; forty boats of the fleet were capsized and thrown upon the beach, drowning one man, injuring many others and wetting the ammunition; but, in spite of this, the landing of fifteen hundred men was effected by noon.

After the second bombardment, about the middle of January, the *Mohican*, then commanded by me, was sent to Ossabaw Sound to blockade. To provide for a contingency of landing troops on exposed beaches, I had designed a cask-raft, and availed myself of the opportunity of cutting down the best trees within my reach, which were indifferent, and whip-sawed the logs, and built a raft on board of the vessel; two casks, which I will hereafter call floats, twelve feet long and twenty inches broad at the center, and tapered to half that diameter at the ends, gave the flotation. The bottom part was semi-circular, and the top part, crosswise, was oval. The floats were yoked together and sustained a platform nine feet long and five feet wide, provided with thwarts and surrounded by a light casing. Between the floats, which were secured twenty inches apart, slats were placed to allow a sea to break through without injury. In a few months the *Mohican* was sent North, and this served as a pattern. Later on, our vessels-of-war were furnished with a cask-raft of this construction, known as the Ammen balsa. The largest size had floats eighteen feet long, bearing a platform of fourteen feet,



and eight feet wide. The floats had water-tight scutles, and provisions or other articles in small packages could be put within them. The balsa was found serviceable for the purposes intended; far better than any boat for landing troops and field-artillery on an open beach. The weight of the hoops, staves and platform did not make it as serviceable as a life-raft, as that kind of construction would allow. A cooper, a boat-builder and a carpenter were required to make them, and they had the further disadvantage of leaking until the staves swelled, after having been out of the water some time.

To make life-rafts with the economy requisite to secure their adoption on sea-steamer, the floats should be made of metal segments, by means of dies, as are sinks, and many large utensils. Four dies only would be necessary, twelve feet in length, two quarter segments for the bottom, and two for the elliptical top; with proper flanges, the segments could be readily riveted together, and the woodwork, consisting of yokes, thwarts, slats and casing on the ends and sides, could be readily run through a planing and sawmill and put together at small cost. The floats would resemble metallic-decked canoes, twenty-four feet long and three and a quarter wide, with external flanges on the sides to secure the bottom and top sections together, as also the floats to the platform, eighteen feet in length and ten feet wide. The weight of the raft, mast, sail and oars, need be little over twelve hundred pounds. A life-raft of this description has been made at the Kittery (Maine) Navy Yard, with floats of fobin bronze, but without the advantage, in economy of being struck by dies; it is heavier than would be found advantageous, and has not yet been tried at sea. The cost of working thin hard metal, except by dies, would be altogether too great to permit a possibility of the use of such life-rafts by sea-steamer.

If we examine the so-called lifeboats carried by ocean-steamer, many of the wooden ones would be found very leaky when put into the water. The metallic boats are quite heavy for their flotation, and the capacity of all of the boats carried is quite inadequate to float the crew and the usual number of passengers. In ONCE A WEEK of October 21st, a paper by M. CROFTON, describing "Life on a Floating City," points out the utter inadequacy of the boats carried by ocean-steamer to float the crew and passengers, even in smooth weather, should the vessel go down at sea. It would be quite impossible to lower them with safety in a moderate seaway, and, if lowered, the passengers could not be got into them. If through a collision, or other cause,

a steamer should sink within a few minutes were the lashings of the boats cast off, from the form of the boats' bottoms the roll of the ship would probably capsize them, and, if that did not occur, when the ship went down the vortex would swamp and engulf them. Were the vessel furnished with the same number of life-rafts instead of boats, the weight would be less, and the available flotation more than double. If desired, one raft could be carried on top of another, which would make the top of the upper one about six feet above the deck, a little higher than the larger boats carried by sea-steamer. A very simple arrangement would enable the top raft to be slid off, either endwise or sidewise, as soon as unlashed. Should it not be possible to launch the rafts for lack of time, or with the means at hand, every life-raft would sustain fifty persons, who could seat themselves upon them, and when the vessel went down the suction would probably not carry the rafts along, unless they became fouled in the rigging. They could not be "swamped," as a boat certainly would be. If once on the open sea, with a light mast and lug sail, with a fair wind they could make two hundred miles a day and have one thousand pounds of provisions to draw from, stowed within the floats. If they encountered heavy weather, they could "lay to" under the lee of a drag, made by the use of the painter, the halyards, mast and sail, and with a small bag of oil, now in general use, attached to a line ahead, the seas would not "comb." The rafts could ride out any ordinary gale with safety, which would not be possible with an over-loaded boat.

A year ago I made a model of a launching-trough for rafts, putting every piece in it, and furnished a list of the lengths, breadth and thickness of the planks required. The "expert" to whom I sent the model to make the trough from assumed that he had the "discretion" to make what he thought best—which in the end was only satisfactory to him—when a very large bill was paid for "fine work." By following the model, it was possible to make just what I wished.

What was made was worthless.

In my belief, with a properly constructed launching-trough, it would be entirely practicable to launch rafts safely over the stern, and then "chute" passengers down what is known as a "London fire-escape."

"What is every-

body's business is nobody's." Every month, if not every week, gives sad news of loss of life on the high seas, which might, in a large degree, be averted through proper appliances, none of which, in my belief, would be of greater value than the substitution of proper, well-constructed life-rafts for boats; they would have double the flotation, with no greater weight, and the invaluable quality of being free from the possibility of "swamping," unless they were stove, and that would be almost impossible through two water-tight bulkheads in each float. The boats cost more, are far heavier, and, as I believe, are utterly unserviceable on the high seas in case of disaster, in rough weather.

DANIEL AMMEN,
Admiral, U. S. N.

GOING WRONG.

IT can hardly be questioned that BYRON talked nonsense when he said that a certain man "knew himself a villain," because the genuine scoundrel always regards himself as an injured innocent.

There are wrong-doers and wrong-doers: there are men in the world who do wrong because they are entirely harmful by nature, and they seek to harm their fellows—there are others who err only from weakness of will. We make no excuse for the weaklings; a man or a woman who is weak may do more harm than the vilest criminal, and when we hear anyone talk about "that nice man" who "is nobody's enemy but his own," we are instantly forced to remember a score or thereabouts of beings whom we know to be the deadliest foes to those whom they should cherish. Let us help those who err; but let us have no maudlin pity. Our business is only to state certain facts bearing on moral science, and we must try to hold the balance as evenly as we can.

Moralists, in general, have made a serious error in supposing that we have only to show a man the true aspect of any given crime in order to make sure of his avoiding it. Of late, so many sad things have been witnessed in public and private life that one is tempted to doubt whether abstract morality is of any use whatever in the world. One may tell a man that a certain course is dangerous or fatal; one may show him, by every device of logic and illustration, that he should avoid said course, and he will fully admit the force of such contentions; yet he is not deterred from folly and goes on toward ruin with a sort of blind abandonment. "Blind" we say. This is but a formal phrase; for it

happens that the man or woman who wrecks his or her life by doing foolish things are those keenest in detecting folly and wisest in giving advice to others. The man whose vision is lucid, but who nevertheless goes wrong, is usually a prey to constant misery or down-right remorse. BURNS's epitaph, composed for himself and by himself, is a dreadful thing. It is more than verse; it is a sermon, a prophecy, a word of doom; and it tells with matchless terseness the story of many men who are at this hour passing to grim ruin of soul or body, or both.

BURNS had such magnificent common sense that in his last two lines he sums up almost everything that is worth saying on the subject, and yet that lack of will, which we have so often lamented, made all his theoretical sense as naught. He could give one every essential of morality and good conduct, in theory, and he was one of the most convincing and wise preachers that ever lived; but that mournful epitaph summarizes the result of all his mighty gifts; and we think that it should be learned by all young men on the chance that some few might possibly be warned and convinced. Advice is of scanty use to men of keen reason who are capable of composing precepts for themselves; but to the duller sort we certainly think that the flash of a sudden revelation given in concise words is beneficial. When we ponder that forlorn masterpiece we cannot help a tendency to despair, for we know by multifarious experiences of men that the curt lines hint at profundities so vast as to baffle the best powers of comprehension. As we think of the hundreds of men who are minor copies of BURNS, we have a passionate wish to call on the Power that sways us all and pray for pity and guidance. A most wise—should we say "wise"?—and brilliant man had brought himself very low through drink, and was dying slowly from the effects of a prolonged debauch which had lasted for many years with scarcely an interval of pure sanity. He was beloved by all; he had a most sweet nature; he was so shrewd and witty that it seemed impossible for him to be wrong about anything. On his deathbed he talked with lovely serenity, and he seemed more like some thrice-blessed disciple of SOCRATES than one who had cast away all that the world was worth holding. He knew every folly that he had committed and its exact proportions; he was consulted in his last days by young and old who knew the almost superhuman character of his wisdom, and yet he had proved himself to be one of the most unwise men living. How strange! How infinitely pathetic! Few men of clearer vision ever came of this earth; but, with his flashing eye open, he walked into snare after snare until the last of the devil's traps caught him fatally. Even when he could not stir, he said that if he could have moved he would have resumed the old course again. Well may the warning devotees cry, "Have mercy upon us!" Well may they cast themselves at the bosom of Infinite Pity! For of a truth we are a feeble folk. If we depended only on ourselves, it would be well that GEORGE ELIOT's ghastly idea of universal suicide should be put into practice speedily.

Hark to the appalling words of wisdom uttered by the good man whose name we never miss mentioning, because we wish all gentle souls to refresh themselves with his ineffable sweetness and gentle fun: "Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering of some newly-discovered paradise, look upon my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see his destruction and yet have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself—to feel all the goodness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise—to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin—could he see my feverish eye—feverish with last night's drinking and feverishly looking for a repetition of the last night's folly—could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling, tempting temptation—to make him clasp his teeth

"And not to undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em."

Can that be beaten for lucidity and directness? Not by any master of prose or verse known to us—not by any man who ever wrote in prose or in verse. The vision is so completely convincing, the sense of actuality given by the words is so haunting, that not even Dickens could have equaled it. The man who wrote those searing words is to this day remembered and spoken of with caressing gentleness by all men of intellect, refinement, quick fancy, genial humor; the editing of his works has occupied the greater part of the lifetime of a most distinguished ecclesiastic. Could he avoid the fell horror against which he warned others? No. With all his dread knowledge he went on his sorrowful way and remained the victim of his vice till the end. It was CHARLES LAMB.

In sum, wit, intellect, keenness, lucidity of vision, perfect reasoning power—are all useless from restraining a man from proceeding to ruin, unless some

steadying agency is allied with them. After much sad brooding, we cannot but conclude that a fervent religious faith is the only thing that will give complete security; and it will be a bitter day for the world if ever flippancy and irreligion become general.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, President of the Republic of Mexico, has not only opened the Republic to the late Louisiana Lottery, but has, *O tempora! O mores!* actually handed over the Halls of the MONTEZUMA to the votaries of the god of chance. This is desecration with a vengeance. Chapultepec, in whose grounds and beneath whose lordly cedars the hapless MONTEZUMA spent the last of his fair days of peace; Chapultepec, wherein the unhappy Empress CARLOTTA built herself a bower, yielding one of the loveliest views on the face of the earth, used as a gamblers' hell! Chapultepec is situated about three miles from the capital, the road thither being lined with cedars and with picturesque residences and gardens, glowing in the color-glory of the most magnificent of tropical flowers. In the distance are the purple Ajusco Mountains, while towering upward, sixteen thousand feet, and seemingly within walking distance, are the extinct craters of Popocatepetl and Ixcyahuatl, crowned with perpetual snow, "eternal silence in their icy halls." The castle stands upon a rocky eminence, which was scaled by our brave troops under General SCOTT, September 13-14, 1847. The view from this height over the Valley of Mexico is a dream of loveliness and peace. The new lottery company, it is stated, will be international in its scope. The drawings will be far larger in the aggregate than the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery. There will be Mexican drawings for the Mexicans, American drawings for the people of the United States, English drawings for the people of England and Spanish drawings for the people of Spain. The American business will be conducted under the popular name of the old company, the Louisiana State Lottery. To reach the people in the large cities of the United States agents will be employed as at present. The money will be carried from patrons by the express companies, and to the winners of prizes by the express companies, if necessary. Alas and alas, that Chapultepec should be made the Monte Carlo of America!

THE Nineteenth Century Club, under the able presidency of Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, have been listening, not only to Professor GARNER—who claims that animals and birds have a language—but also to the words of the monkeys themselves, which Professor GARNER had secured and bottled up in a phonograph. The professor stated that what attracted him to the study of animal language was a scene which he witnessed some ten years ago in the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati. In a cage of monkeys a large mandril monkey frightened the little monkeys by the repetition of a single word. Whenever the little monkeys became panic-stricken the mandril uttered a certain sound. Professor GARNER spent six or seven hours before the cage studying the sound, which he concluded was a simian word to inspire terror. From that time he continued to study the language of monkeys. The simian word for food is "whoow." It was uttered with both the rising and the falling inflection, and these variations probably mean different kinds of food. Monkeys like color. They prefer light green. White comes next in their esteem, and then pink. When given candy they would take the green candy first, the white second and the pink last. They express themselves forcibly in speech and talk, it is asserted, as do human beings. Their speech is articulate. Two species of monkeys have two syllables in their word for food. They laugh as we do. Now, if the Nineteenth Century Club succeeds in drawing attention to this most fascinating of studies, the club will indeed have added an imperishable laurel to its crown.

SEVEN months have passed since the United States Copyright Bill became a law. From the very first it has been the cynosure of British authors and publishers. The pros and cons were heavily discounted. British authors were to leap into fortune and American authors had gold mines within their own gates. It would appear from reports from the other side, that authors like the law; publishers don't mind it—some regard it with favor; printers and book manufacturers hate it. Mr. WALTER BESANT says: "The United States Copyright Act will undoubtedly be beneficial to our authors. I apprehend that the sixty million people of the States contain as many readers as will be found among our population of half that number. When, therefore, a popular author produces a book, he ought to double his income from that book." On the other hand, the great stimulus given to American literature will most certainly have the effect of making popularity on both sides a much more difficult thing to achieve. I should not be surprised to find an immense outburst of literature in the States, which may overshadow the English writer, but should also stimulate him. In other words, I think it will make popularity much more difficult, and I think that it will raise the general standard of literary work in every department."

In a few days Secretary BLAINE will have his hands full of the formal claims of the sailors and others of the United States man-of-war *Baltimore*, who were injured in the fight with the mob at Valparaiso. The total claim foots up in the neighborhood of one million three hundred and five dollars. The largest sums demanded are by JOHN HAMILTON and JEREMIAH ANDERSON, coal-heavers on the *Baltimore* at the time the assault was committed. HAMILTON received three bad wounds, and thinks that fifty thousand dollars is not too much for the Chilean Government to pay for each wound. ANDERSON has three or more marks as the result of his being in the row, but he says he will be satisfied if he can get hold of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars Chilean money. The other claims vary from thirty thousand up to one hundred thousand dollars. That the account will be settled goes without saying, but the items will doubtless be arbitrated upon.

CANADIAN Reciprocity is not so close at hand as our worthy and able fellow-citizen Mr. ERASTUS WIMAN would lead us to believe. The recent visit of the Canadian Commissioners to Washington has led the wise-aces to consider that they were sent across the border as mere catspaws for Great Britain, with the purpose of ascertaining what the United States might be willing to do in the matter of reciprocity with England's greatest colonial possession on the American Hemisphere. It is to the credit of the administration that it secured a complete disclosure of the Canadian proposition, leaving England no wiser than before with reference to our intentions toward the Dominion. In other words, the administration gave the Commissioners what is commonly known as "dead knowledge."

THAT the pound of flesh is being daily, nay, hourly demanded by remorseless usurers from luckless borrowers, is part and parcel of the routine of this weary world. The question of reducing the legal rate of interest being now before the Legislature, it might be well for that body to consider the need of more efficient legislation for the suppression of illegal interest. The law, as it stands, is readily evaded, and there is virtually no punishment for its violation. Five, and even ten per cent, a month, is collected from poor people in need, and who, of course, are far less able to pay than others in better circumstances. There should be some way of putting a stop to such usury, and of making it unsafe to loan money at usurious rates.

It is gratifying to be able to announce that at a council of Ministers held on Tuesday, February 16th, at the Elysée Palace, President Carnot signed a proposal presented by M. JULES ROCHE, Minister of Commerce, for the opening of an extraordinary credit of three million two hundred and fifty thousand francs. This to promote an adequate representation of France at the Chicago Exhibition. The Japanese Parliament has voted five hundred thousand dollars for the same purpose. How times change! A few years ago any Minister proposing such a vote would be complimented with the gift of a very long, pointed and sharp sword wherewith to commit *Hari-Kari*, or the "Happy Dispatch."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD leaves us with so graceful and hearty a farewell that Uncle Sam wishes him good luck whithersoever he wends his way. Unlike MATTHEW ARNOLD whose "pedagogic eye" swept this Republic with no other result than to find that apples and ice were cheap and cab fares dear, Sir EDWIN found "the millions happier and more hopeful than elsewhere." "I came to America, her friend," he said; "I go away her champion, her servant and her lover." Call again, Sir EDWIN! there is not only the Light of Asia in this language, but the Light of the World.

THE ideal mail-service is rapidly materializing. The mails are to be worked by pneumatic tubes. Soon we shall have a pneumatic tube into every home connected with the General Post Office, through which we can blow our letters as often as we desire to do so. Later on we shall have something of the same nature as the telephone: "Hello, Central! please switch my tube on to No. 142 West Ninety-fifth street!" And EDWIN blows a kiss, with a letter, to ANGELINA. How those lovers will keep those tubes agoing!

THE work of laying a cable between New York and the Bahama Islands has been completed. The first message sent over the cable from Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, was wired at ten minutes past two P. M., and was delivered by the Western Union Telegraph Company inside of thirty-five minutes. Another link in the chain of the girdle round the earth.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The subscribers and readers of ONCE A WEEK should give prompt and earnest attention to the offers made to renewing subscribers on the last pages of each number of the Library. Such offers have no precedent and are of enormous value.

TO GEORGE.

BY WADE WHIPPLE.

GEORGE WASHIN'TON, three cheers for you!
 Tho' you retired 'fore I was due
 You've my indorsement thro' an' thro',
 Plump, plain an' squar';
 The man that father'd sich a land
 As this, you'll please to understand,
 I'd like to grapple by the hand
 An' squeeze—so thar!

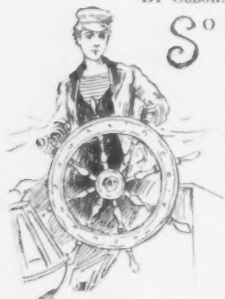
We've men to-day that's tarmal great,
 Men that I know w'ars number eight
 In hats, an' that kin legerslate
 Without half tryin';
 But matchin' 'em along o' you,
 Thar's on'y one thing they can do
 That sorter takes you down a few,
 An' that is, lyin'.

Thar's kentrys, we'll admit, per'aps
 Beats us in raisin' s'art'n craps,
 An' inter Natur's storehouse draps
 Rich gifts, moreover;
 But Yankeeedom's the only land
 That's raised a pussen o' your brand,
 An' that's just why, with rev'rence grand,
 We praise Jehovah.

So, George, here's to you! Tho' you're not
 In body with us, yet we've got
 Yer sperit, an' I'm sure that's what
 Guides us to-day;
 An' fu'thermore, I have no doubt,
 In Kingdom-come, when you're about,
 The angels I'arn our ways, an' shout,
 "Hip, hip, hurra!"

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY OSBORNE I. YELLOTT.



SO exalted is the position lately given by our national policy to naval affairs that it lends added interest to the institution which every year sends forth a large class of men trained for responsible positions in the navy. The need of such a school in this country being seen early in the history of our independence, the United States Naval Academy was organized in 1845, the Hon. George Bancroft

then being Secretary of the Navy. Annapolis, the capital city of Maryland, situated almost upon the historic Chesapeake, was chosen as the most suitable location for such an institution, and academic routine was immediately begun. The original grounds of the Academy were Fort Severn and nine and one-half acres of land lying to the north of Annapolis and on the south bank of the Severn, three miles from the Chesapeake Bay. Frequent additions have been made to the land belonging to the institution, and the Academy wall now incloses fifty acres beautifully laid off into shady walks, parade-grounds, football fields, etc. Handsome buildings, including cadets' and officers' quarters, chapel, laboratories, an observatory, lecture-rooms, a gymnasium, boathouse, an opera-house, hospital, machine-shops and gasworks have been erected, until at last the Academy has become a veritable municipality in itself, reminding one of those walled cities of mediæval days wakened into life and possessed of all the benefits of nineteenth century invention and enterprise.

Passing through the entrance-gate, watched night and day by a guard from the National Marine Corps, you come in sight of carefully kept grounds, dotted here and there with monuments commemorative of the naval dead. To the left is the cadets' new mess-hall and dormitories, erected in 1899. To the rear of this structure is the armory, in which the cadets study the mechanism of modern guns, shells, torpedoes and small-arms. In the rear of the armory is the rifle-range and instruments for measuring the velocity of projectiles in infinitesimally small parts of a second. Returning to the mess-hall and continuing down the main avenue, you reach a handsome brick building, one of the best equipped laboratories in the United States. Across the avenue there are the machine-shops, in which a score or more cadets are hard at work constructing an engine for the steam-launch which every class leaves behind in commemoration of its ingenuity, mending boilers or similarly occupied. In another portion of the grounds more may be found studying the science of seamanship from the full-rigged models in the seamanship building. A hundred or more may be engaged in the recitation-rooms, but not a single idle cadet can be seen on the grounds. Later, in the afternoons, if it is Wednesday or Saturday half-holidays, prolonged cheers will draw the visitor down to the water's edge, where the middies are engaged in a game of football or baseball, with two chances to one against any ordinary team, by reason of the rigorous training they have been going through all the week. If it is not a holiday, they may all be found in battalion drill or boat-crews, or on board the *Wyoming*, taking practical lessons in handling a large vessel.

Leaving the grounds after dark, one glances up toward the hundred lighted windows in the mess-hall, where two hundred or more cadets are studying for the morrow's recitations, and goes away considerably impressed with the dignity with which Uncle Sam has clothed himself in this little spot, and the power which its present and past would wield, in case of actual war with some foreign power.

It is by no means an easy matter to become a naval

cadet, in the first place, and to stay one and graduate, in the second. There is allowed one appointment for each representative to Congress, one from the District of Columbia and ten at large, these last to be appointed by the President or Secretary of the Navy. Cadets may enter between the ages of sixteen and twenty, and must fulfill certain requirements as to weight and height. The physical examination is very severe. The mental examination for entrance is not very difficult, but a large proportion of candidates annually fail. Reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, algebra, history and geography are all required, the last two being generally the most difficult. After entering, however, the work becomes much harder, and a graduate of the Academy proper, a four years' course, must be well versed in the modern languages, being able to speak and write them fluently; in constitutional and international law, mechanical drawing, physics and chemistry, as far as carried by our best colleges, steam-engineering, seamanship, naval construction, military and naval tactics, astronomy, ordnance and gunnery, physiology and hygiene, and must be a thorough mathematician, the course in mathematics being particularly thorough and extensive. The course of study covers six years—four at the academy and two at sea. After graduation the cadets are appointed, in order of merit, to the lower grades of the line, and of the Engineer Corps of the Navy and the Marine Corps, until existing vacancies are filled. The remaining graduates are then honorably discharged with one year's sea-pay. So severe is the course, that only a small proportion of the number who enter the Academy ever present themselves for the examinations, which are to decide who are to receive these appointments—usually about thirty out of a class of seventy-five at entrance.

The instruction which the cadets receive in military and naval tactics is as thorough as that received in other branches, and during Commencement week, in June, their maneuvers are a source of gratification to their instructors and national patrons, and of pleasure and pride to their admiring relatives, who gather on the edge of the parade-grounds and applaud every perfect movement or volley. The programme during the week is varied and interesting, and embraces everything that the cadets have learned during the year that can be visibly expressed. The handling of steam-launches, sail and rowboats, the swinging of the *Monitor*, a relic of '61; bending and furling sails on board the *Wyoming*; target practice; artillery and infantry drills—all testify to their hard work during the year and the capable instruction undergone during that time.

But notwithstanding the fact that the cadets are subjected to very stringent rules, violations of which are severely punished, they have ample opportunities to show they are still, in some respects, boys, and not half the uniformed prodigies of discipline they appear to the outside observer. They have all the jokes and quarrels which go so far to make up the boy's enjoyment of life, and the tricks and devices they invent to get ahead of their supervising officers are many and ingenious.

The letter bearing the news of his appointment to the aspiring candidate, seems to inspire him with the idea that henceforth he is a changed being, and must take every opportunity to have what is commonly called a good time. As candidates, they come together in Annapolis to prepare for the examinations, and immediately become a menace to a townspeople to whom absolute quiet is the greatest worldly solace. In their rooms, at night, they play poker with a fury which would indicate that there was to be no such amusement in the place of their future abode. Those hardened ones who have been "in," and, in some of the innumerable ways known to the clan, are now "out," undertake to instruct the new-comer in some of the mysteries they will meet within the walls, if fortunate enough to pass the examinations. These last learn to eat soap and candles with a remarkable relish, an accomplishment usually found superfluous, once a cadet.

If, during his candidacy, a cadet has incurred the displeasure of any of the then existing cadets, life is made a burden for him for a month or more after entering. In the days gone by hazing was a frequent occurrence. Now it is very seldom met with; but there are various little ways in which one's existence may be made uncomfortable without actual hazing, and of these ways the cadet is master. From nine until ten o'clock at night they are allowed the freedom of each other's rooms, and a company of higher classmen assembling in the room of one of their number will order up one or more plebs for the evening's amusement. Here he is made to sing and dance, and "fly" from the top of a wardrobe, a feat in which grace and personal safety can only be acquired after many failures.

Fights are of not infrequent occurrence, the summer season, when the young man's fancy proverbially turns to thoughts of love, and, if necessary, warfare, being the most prolific. A high code of honor, almost ante-bellum Virginian, is recognized, and, class feeling being very strong, personal encounters are more or less necessary. If the competitors are of the same class and the loser fights well, he is honored as much after as before the occurrence; but if one is a coward or gets whipped by a lower classmate he is not tolerated. A case of this kind occurred three years ago, and the loser was forced, by the contempt of those around him, to send in his resignation.

The restrictions with regard to leaving the grounds without permission are very severe, the offense being known as "frenching." Climbing a ten-foot wall has been done from time immemorial. Cabs are now used on emergency, and it is not a rare occurrence to see a cab, apparently empty, stop in a shadow and disgorge a cadet, who has been coiled up in the bottom of the vehicle during the passage past the guard.

The use of tobacco and whiskey is prohibited within the ground, and the latter is seldom carried into their rooms; but tobacco is used frequently. Packages of cigarettes or

smoking tobacco are stored away within the mattresses quite often; but mattresses are liable to be inspected, and it took a genius of a few years back to originate a plan which was never detected. A Bible sent from home was converted, by means of a sharp knife, into an excellent tobacco-box, and the consolation afterwards derived from the book and the frequent reference thereto would have satisfied the most devout of parents. The extensive system of steam-pipes running through the dormitories, and a general knowledge of the Morse alphabet, for some time furnished a means of communication during study hours, but this practice was detected and stopped.

Amusements of a more healthy nature, and looked upon with more general favor by those in authority, are enjoyed on every half-holiday, and, in fact, whenever a half hour free of duty allows. For some years past the naval cadets have ranked among the better class of football players, having a team which is unapproachable by any of the local or Southern teams, and bowing in submission only to such aggregations of brute strength and practiced science as are sent forth annually by the larger Northern institutions of learning. By one victory during the season of '90 the Academy team brought untold elation to the hearts of the main body of cadets at home. It was on the occasion of the victory of the Navy over the Army in the game at West Point. The night of the victory will be long remembered. Cannons were fired, booming forth the number of points achieved in the victory. A procession was formed, and a mob of cadets, with tin horns, police rattles and other inventions capable of making a noise, took possession of Annapolis and kept it awake until far into the night. In marked contrast to the excitement and elation succeeding this occasion was the air of disappointment and despondency which settled over the inmates of the institution and their friends in the town when the West Pointers, in retaliation, defeated them in the second annual contest last Thanksgiving.

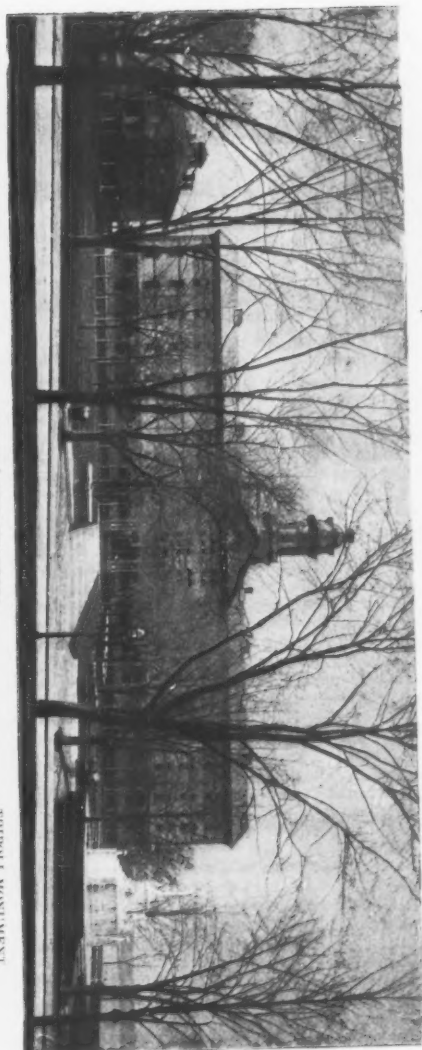
Football is by all odds the cadet's favorite game. He scorns such games as tennis, in which there is not one chance in five hundred games of being hurt, and does not altogether like baseball, where the risk of accident is usually confined to a broken finger; but in football he finds opportunity for all his professional energy and bravery, and throws himself into the midst of the fray with an enthusiasm which seems reflected from the lives of Paul Jones, Commodore Lawrence and the dozen of other naval heroes whose bravery has made them famous.

At stated periods throughout the year gymnasium and field-sport contests are held. Here the arduous training of the cadet under capable instruction in the gymnasium finds its results. They are not behind the college records in any of the trials of strength, occasionally breaking them in running, jumping, and the like. At fencing and boxing they are excellent, as a rule, and every year develops two or three who are exceptionally good on the bars.

But the cadet has still one more sphere of action within the narrow limits of the Academy walls, and in that, also, he is a central figure. He is individually and collectively the admiration of hosts of girls who make their weekly and annual pilgrimages to this Mecca of their thoughts and admiration. The dances given every Saturday night draw their crowds from the neighboring cities—Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington—and the far-famed "June Ball," given on the night of the Commencement Day by the incoming first class to the graduates of the day, is always an immense and elaborate affair, drawing its thousand or twelve hundred people from all quarters of the United States. As a ladies'-man the naval cadet is a success, his finely fitting uniform of dark blue with its bright buttons being a powerful recommendation for the favor of the sex which, from the days of Troy, has been the cause of more martial heroism than has either patriotism, love of conquest, greed for wealth and territory, or any other of the severally accounted causes for displays of valor and bravery. He shares, with the society man of our cosmopolitan cities, a certain antipathy to continual dancing, and always finds some ready listener to go with him to seek out the nooks and crannies in the boathouse, which is used as a dancing-hall. There, looking out over the moon-flecked water, he unburdens his well-tempered heart for the thousandth time of the same old story. His listener is perhaps a young lady who, before she came, had heard of his flirting proclivities and said she would hear all they had to say, but would never believe a word of it. A month or two after, counting the buttons on her bracelet or necklace, she will remember every word of it, and wonder if perhaps he did not mean a great deal of it. Commencement week greatly adds to the cadets' experiences of this nature. Annapolis is always thronged at this season with their friends and sweethearts, and promenade-concerts or dances every night lend frequent opportunities for prolonged or transitory flirtations.

Eager faces tinged with sadness are seen throughout the throng on Commencement Day as the battalion draws up in line for the last time before the stand from which the award of diplomas are to be made. The same emotion, together with one or two more, are to be seen on these same faces as thirty or more cadets sheath their swords or lay down their arms and draw up in double line immediately before the Presentation Committee. Then comes a short speech of congratulation, after which, one by one they step forward to receive their diplomas and the plaudits of the assembled crowd as their record in class, on the teams or in the ballrooms are recalled. Then come congratulations, and a few handkerchiefs go to their owners' eyes as the band, in its saddest tones, plays "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Auld Lang Syne."

The graduates immediately leave for home on short leaves, and those whose friends were in the lower classes go out on a tug or in sailboats the next day and wave their last farewells as the *Constellation* weighs anchor and starts down the river with its crew of cadets, all eager and anxious for the experiences and hardships to be found in their three months' summer cruise.



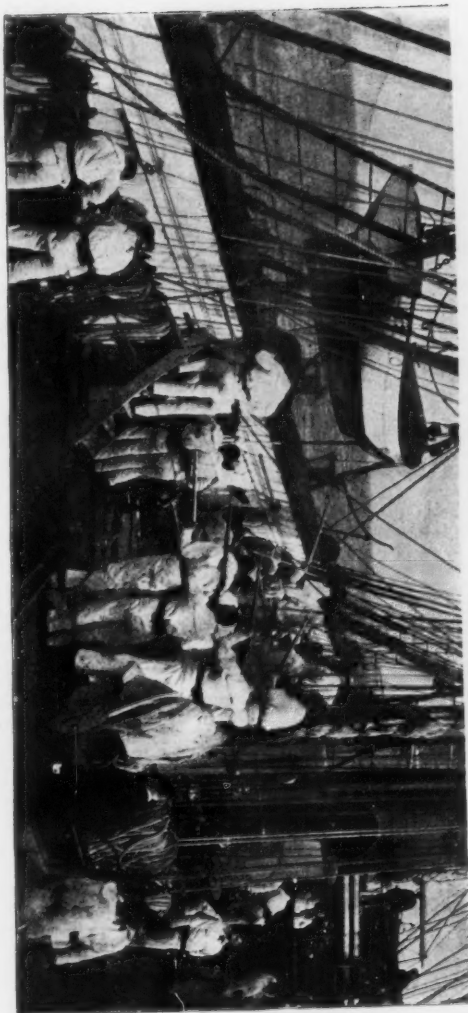
HOSPITAL.

CADETS' NEW QUARTERS.

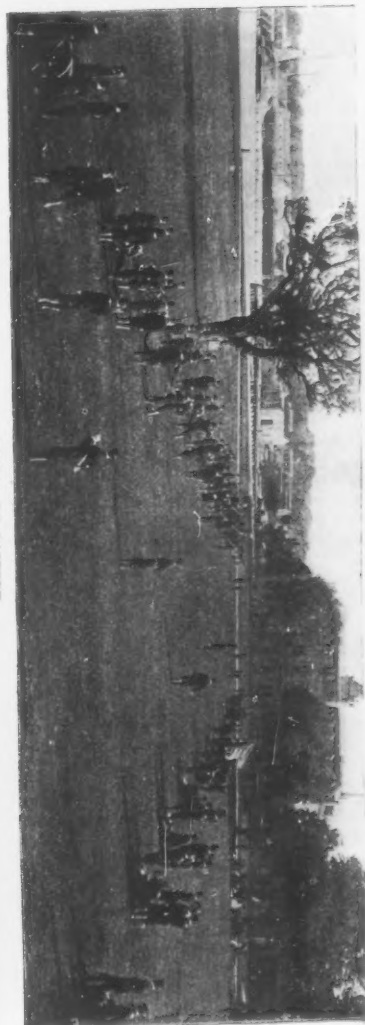
TILDOLL MONUMENT.



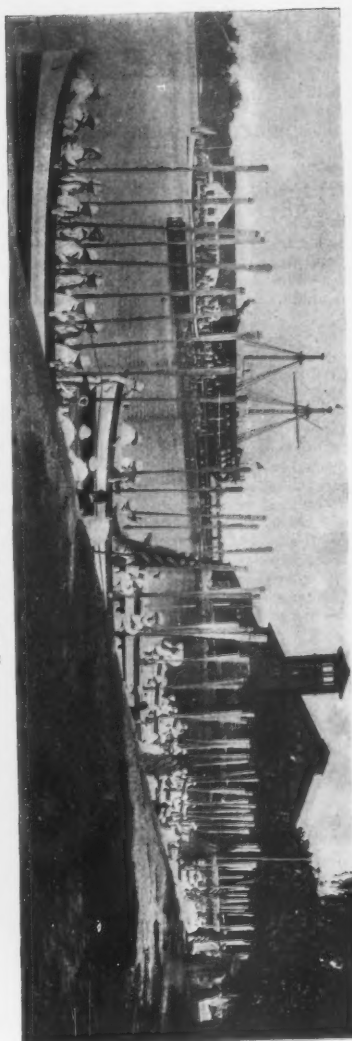
THE CADETS IN LINE.



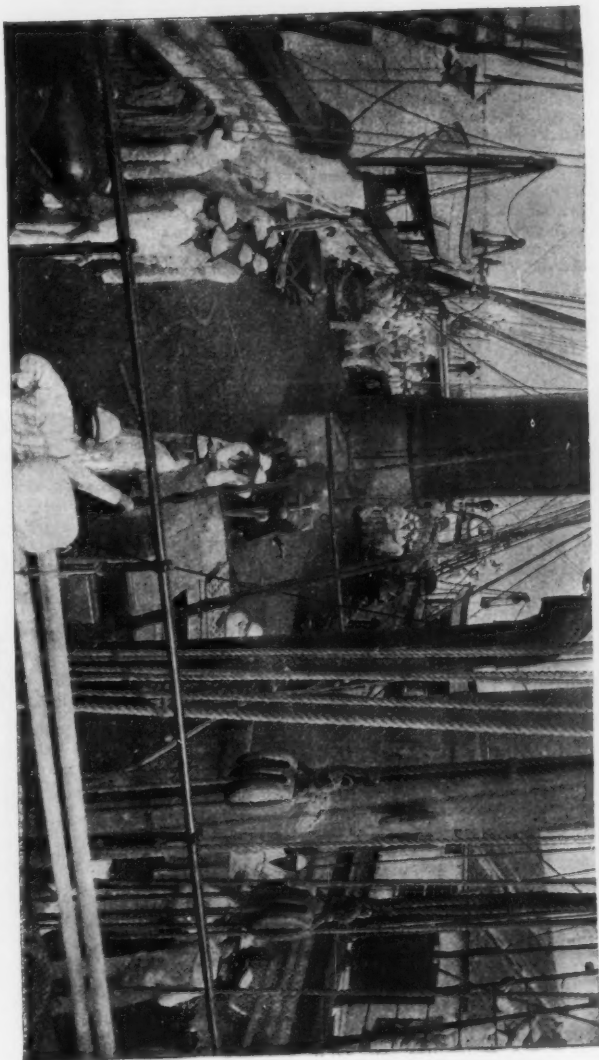
"REPEL BOARDERS" ON BOARD THE "WYOMING."



FIRING BY BATTERY.



"STAND BY TO LET GO OARS."



ON BOARD THE "CONSTELLATION."

MARYLAND—THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS.

ARCHERY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Yon guileless maiden with her poised bow,
And with her sharply tipped and feathered dart,
Shy as Diana, and as sure, I trow,
Wounds the round target with an archer's art.

What wondrous change the fleeting years will bring!
Soon will her eyes wing arrows o'er her fan;
These Cupid-shafts, ah! cruel-sweet the sting,
Will find their target in the heart of man.

THE LADIES' PRIZE COMPETITION.

AWARD OF PRIZES—NO. 7.

A COMPLETE set of Dickens's Works has been awarded to Nellie Zay, 189 South Main street, Mansfield, O., for the best essay on "Home Needle-Work," which is as follows:

HOME NEEDLE-WORK.

It is a recognized fact, that at the present day, when dressmakers are plentiful, this branch of industry, home needle-work, is sadly neglected, especially by the young ladies that may some day feel the want of this art, for we may class it as such, or, at least, an accomplishment to be proud of.

Years ago every girl of the household was expected to know all about home needle-work; knitting, and the making of all articles of clothing for herself and other members of the family, patchwork, and the knotting of comforts, claimed particular attention; and on their quilts were expended the finest of stitches, and the most elaborate floral, wheel and star designs, until they dazzled the eyes with flowers of all species and colors, and the stars attained a brilliancy scarcely equaled by those of the firmament. But this may be touching on the fancy needle-work of that day; however, the time and patience expended on these necessary articles would shock a girl of to-day, who could no more be tempted to waste (as she would say) her time in that way than—

True, you say that one can buy them already made for less money than it takes to make them, and your time is left for tasks more agreeable; but, while we are discussing the subject, and while our grandmothers are pleading for the return of the old-time "quiltings," the girl remains in ignorance.

Another thing in which the housewife and daughters took great pride was their linen, the most of it having been spun by themselves, and their well-filled chests were never allowed to be rifled of their contents. Although the average woman of to-day may not have the quantity that her ancestor did, still she is anxious to have a supply sufficient for the adornment and neatness of her table.

Knitting is not indulged in by us as by our grandmothers, and the quantity of woolen stockings and mittens they furnished for winter use would frighten a girl now, had she the task of making them.

Darning, a necessary branch of home needle-work in former times, seemed to occupy more of their attention than, I fear, it does of those of this period. Then it was all exquisitely done with the finest of stitches; now it is apt to be hurriedly and carelessly done. Something ought to be thought of to revive this much-neglected accomplishment and elevate it to its proper standard. It should also be taught to every little girl, as she can learn this even before she can begin on sewing; but this should soon be taught, letting her first begin on articles for her doll, in which, of course, she takes great interest, and she will soon be able to do nice sewing, making little garments for herself, of which she will be proud to announce that they are all done "by hand." The sewing-machine, that has found its way into every home, lightening the labor of many tired mothers, has rather spoiled us for much hand-sewing to-day; but this should be taught before the use of the machine, so that the two can be combined, it being impossible to finish up a garment as it should be without some hand-sewing.

Now we come to the home dressmaking. It is impossible for everyone to hire all their dresses made, yet it is some of these very ones who say they cannot make a dress; cannot plan it, cut it, or put it together after it is cut. Alice Carey, the poetess, was one of these; of whom it is told how, after having a garment cut and the manner of putting it together explained, soon afterward came, laughing, into the room with it basted upside down! declaring that it was impossible for her to do it right. It seems that it is a lack of the proper training when they are found in this state. It is not necessary to "learn the trade" of a dressmaker, as many suppose; but, after making simple garments, it is very easy to take in the higher accomplishment of dressmaking. Observation should first be exercised; then follows imitation (on which the higher arts, music and painting, hinge); then invention, and one would be surprised how ingenious she may become in this art; and not only will she have taught herself to be exceedingly useful, both to herself and others, but will save many a dollar that is needed so much for something else.

One other topic must be mentioned under this subject, and that is home millinery, this, like dressmaking, can be learned by one's self, also requiring observation, imitation, invention, and, above all, good taste in combining colors and selecting shapes becoming to the wearer. If one hasn't these qualifications to begin with, they surely can be cultivated; and the satisfaction that follows, finally, for mastering the seemingly hard task, for having something pretty to wear of one's own make, and, lastly, for the large amount saved, will be immeasurable.

The value of the knowledge of home needle-work in prosperity may not be appreciated; but, should something happen to change the good fortune, then will it prove of inestimable worth to all who possess it, and at the same time afford a pleasant diversion for the troubled mind.

Efforts are being made all over the country to establish schools for the education of the poorer classes in common sewing, and the reports brought from distant quarters—

from the South, from the Indians under instruction, and other places—are very favorable.

But, if possible, home needle-work should be taught in the home, for in no other place will they get as broad and comprehensive an idea of the work to be done and the manner of doing it.

HOW NEWS IS GATHERED AND DISTRIBUTED.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

RECENTLY the announcement was made through the columns of the daily papers all over the country that a new press association was to be organized, with the New York Sun and the New York Tribune at its head. Shortly afterward the severance of the cordial relations between the New York Associated Press and the United Press was announced, and a few weeks later the Sun joined the United Press.

How many people who read these announcements know what a press association is, or how the news of the world which they read in the columns of their daily papers is gathered and distributed?

A press association is an association of newspapers banded together to exchange telegraphic news and to economize the expense of gathering and distributing it. I do not propose to give here a history of the New York Associated Press, or any other association, because that would furnish enough interesting material for several long articles. I am going to confine myself to a brief description of the work done by press associations in the gathering and distribution of news to-day. And I shall confine myself to a general description of the scheme of the work, with one or two illustrations of the methods by which it is carried out.

The press association is an almost absolute necessity. There are a few papers in the United States, occupying peculiar fields, which prosper without publishing telegraph news. The Philadelphia Item, for example, sustains an enormous local and suburban circulation on local and suburban news. It receives no telegraphic service from any press association. But, as I said, it fills a peculiar field. There is room for such a paper in only a few of the cities of the United States. A newspaper, to be successful, must publish the news of the world. The telegraph companies make a very low rate to newspapers; yet the press rate from San Francisco to New York is three and a half cents a word; and the cable-news rate, from London to New York, is ten cents a word. If there was a piece of news to be sent from London to the newspapers of the United States, and each paper was working independent of the others, the message would be sent from London to New York, from London to Philadelphia, from London to St. Louis, from London to San Francisco, and so on to every city where a newspaper of any enterprise was published. All of these messages would pass over the cable from London to New York, and so on to its destination. And the newspapers receiving the messages would pay telegraph tolls on them from London to New York, and thence on. It would seem very sensible, if all are interested equally in this piece of news, to send out one message from London to New York for all of them, and thus divide up that part of the cost of transmission, so that each one of, say fifty papers, would pay only two per cent. of the cost of the cable message. But the expense can be divided up again between the distant cities and those which are on the line between those cities and New York. A telegraph message to St. Louis will pass through Pittsburgh. Instead of having the message sent from New York to Pittsburgh and from New York to St. Louis, why not send it from New York to Pittsburgh at the joint expense of the Pittsburgh and St. Louis papers, and thence to St. Louis, saving the St. Louis paper and the Pittsburgh paper each one-half of the cost of transmission between New York and Pittsburgh?

And this division of expense is capable of many subdivisions, and the business quickly becomes too complicated for the newspapers to arrange among themselves. So a board of managers is called in to prorate the expense of transmitting not only cable but domestic news, and to arrange a system of collecting news in the great cities of the world (and later in the smaller ones) for the benefit of those papers which are associated together. This was the old idea of the press association. This, with some modifications, is the prevailing idea. The principal change is in the form of management. The original idea involved the management of the business by the papers interested and the prorating of the expense. The new idea places the gathering and distribution of news in the hands of a stock company, which sells news and news privileges to newspapers. The United Press is the exponent of the

new idea. The Associated Press is considering a proposition to turn over its interests to a stock company. It has grown too bulky for a mutual concern. Experience has shown that where mutual concerns spread over too much territory their management becomes lax, favoritism is shown in the selection of officers and employees, and dissatisfaction becomes general.

Most of the stockholders of the United Press are owners of newspapers which take the news report of the association. Some of them are the owners of papers which take the reports of the Associated Press. Both of these associations sell exclusive privileges. In Washington, for example, the Morning Post owns the exclusive franchise of the United Press and the exclusive franchise of the Associated Press; the Evening Star owns the exclusive franchise of the United Press and has a long contract with the Associated Press for an exclusive news service. No one wishing to start a newspaper in Washington can get a daily telegraph service from either of these associations. His only resource will be to take the Press News Association service, which is limited, or to try to cover the news field by special telegraph service, which would involve an almost prohibitory expense. Walter P. Phillips, the general manager of the United Press, has a theory that the press association of the future will sell its wares to all comers, like the corner-groceryman. When that theory materializes there will be a great many more newspapers in the United States than there are to-day.

Instead of intrusting their news messages to the telegraph companies, the press associations lease wires connecting their offices in all principal cities of the United States and employ their own telegraph operators. The main circuit of the United Press runs from New York south through Camden, Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington, and then west through Pittsburg and Cincinnati and Mansfield, the home of Senator Sherman, to Chicago. From Pittsburg a line runs to McKeesport; from Cincinnati a line runs north through Toledo to Detroit, and another south to Louisville. All of these places are on the main circuit—that is, the current that runs through the wire between New York and Pittsburg runs through the wire between Cincinnati and Detroit, and the electric impulse which starts from New York is felt in everyone of the offices I have named. This is the main circuit. There is another circuit running from New York City all through New York State; another running from Chicago to St. Louis and the Southwest; another from Washington down into Virginia, through North Carolina to Columbia, S. C.; another running from St. Louis to Kansas City, Denver and the West. There is an extra wire between New York and Chicago, via Buffalo, and an extra wire between Washington and New York. Then there is a wire, at night, running to San Francisco by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Winnipeg. It is an extraordinarily long circuit—the unbroken line from New York to Winnipeg being nineteen hundred and twenty miles. These wires are leased from the telegraph companies at an annual rental. The telegraph companies keep them in repair, and, if they break, furnish other wires as substitutes. These wires reach all of the principal cities of the United States and many minor intermediate points. There are some cities off the lines of these main wires which want a telegraph service, but cannot pay enough for it to warrant the extension of the leased wire. For these places condensed news reports are made up at New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Cincinnati and some other points, filed with the telegraph companies and sent at the rate charged for special news dispatches between the points; and, lately, the United Press has inaugurated a service by telephone to some remote points in New York State. These reports, though, come under the head of special reports, and are not a part of the main service.

(Concluded in our next number.)



"Why did your coachman leave so suddenly?"

"He considered himself abused; my daughter declined to elope with him!"

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

Mrs. JAMES G. BLAINE, JR., accompanied by her maid and her attorney, Judge C. S. Palmer, of Sioux Falls, S.D., have arrived at Deadwood. She is now confined to her room by nervous prostration. She suffered a hemorrhage of the lungs while on the train.

J. Pierpont Morgan has given to the American Museum of Natural History the Tiffany collection of precious stones, which is the finest of the kind in existence. It contains one thousand gems and cost twenty thousand dollars. It won two gold medals at the Paris Exposition. Morris K. Jessup says the collection will be placed in the new building.

A cablegram received by a private individual at Albany says that His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, expects to land in New York on May 26th and pass through Albany on May 27th, en-route for Niagara Falls and Canada. He will have a retinue of twenty-five persons.

The greatest strike yet made in Creede Camp was made yesterday in the Blue Bell, on Squaw Gulch, Colo. About 4 P. M. a blast in the tunnel opened a body of silver glance twenty-six inches thick. The ore comes out in massive chunks, weighing as high as three hundred pounds. The entire matter is almost solid ore. Mr. Guyot, the assayer, says it is the finest silver ore he has seen in years. Stock in this property, which is stocked at fifty thousand dollars, went up in an hour from ten cents to twenty-five cents per share.

Clerk Underwood, of the Hotel Royal, failed to attend the inquest.



"LOVE IN TANDEM."

The annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association opened on the 17th inst. at the Holland House, Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street. Mr. James M. Scott, of the Chicago Herald, presided, and Colonel L. L. Morgan, of the New Haven Register, was secretary.

More than two thousand telephone subscribers, in New York City, have enrolled their names on the books of the Telephone Subscribers' Association, and everyone vows he will stand by the association in any action it may take to curb what is called the telephone people's extortion. They demand lower rates.

A two-million-dollar fire started in New Orleans, corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, on the night of the 17th inst.

Observations made at the Naval Observatory on the 17th inst., at Washington, D.C., by Professor Edgar Frisby, shows that the large spot hitherto observed on the sun, which covered a space equal to one-sixteenth of the sun's surface, or an area of one hundred and forty thousand miles long by one hundred thousand miles wide, has, by some great cataclysmic operation, been broken into about twenty smaller spots.

Mr. Glorieux, of New Jersey, has introduced into the Senate a bill making it lawful for passengers on street-cars to refuse to pay any fare until provided with seats.

The Veteran Firemen's Association have perfected arrangements for an excursion, of which New Orleans is to be the objective point.

Canada is to have a Primrose League, of which Baroness Macdonald is to be the patroness.

A number of Chicago physicians refused to report new cases of typhoid unless they are paid for their reports.

The members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, in session at Baltimore, visited the Naval Academy at Annapolis, on Thursday, the 18th inst.

Senator Sherman introduced a resolution into the Senate foreshadowing a bill to meet the case of the victims of the New Orleans massacre.

Miss Mamie Fuller, eldest daughter of Chief-Justice Melville W. Fuller, was married in San Remo in the early part of January to Collis C. Manning, of South Carolina. Last fall, while Miss Fuller was pursuing her musical studies in Berlin, she had nervous prostration and her parents feared heart failure. At the request of the Chief-Justice, Manning accompanied Mrs. Fuller to Berlin. They found Miss Fuller quite low, and took her to San Remo to benefit by the climate of that town. But Mamie continued to decline until, with the birth of the new year, came the sad intelligence that she was not likely to live. As had been done before in similar cases the young people were married in the sickroom, Mamie remaining in bed. But Love proved stronger than Death. Mamie rallied,



"LOVE IN TANDEM."

improved, and now she is as blithe a bride as the sun shines upon.

General Horace Porter has been elected president of the Grant Monument Association. Cash subscribed, \$150,848; total required, \$500,000.

Sarah Bernhardt reached St. Louis, Mo., in her private car, on Thursday, February 18th. Her manager had engaged rooms at the Southern Hotel, but the hotel people said they could not permit her to bring her pet animals with her, so Sarah declared that rather than be separated from her four-footed companions she would remain in her car. After a two hours' stay at the depot she reconsidered her determination and drove to the Southern, to find her rooms engaged. Then there was a cyclone in the French language.

EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

The daughter-in-law of Lord Robert Montague has been committed to prison on the charge of cruelly killing her child, a little girl of three years of age, by tying her up to a wall in a dark room, where she was strangled.

A dispatch from Rio Janeiro reports that a revolt has taken place in the Brazilian province of Ceara, at Fortaleza. The Governor has been obliged to flee. Rio Grande do Sul is still reported to be in a state of upheaval, and it is said that disturbances have also occurred in the province of Pernambuco.

Mr. Balfour introduced his Irish Local Government Bill in the Commons on Thursday, February 18th, amid the cheers of Ministerialists and a most violent onslaught by the Opposition. It gives the administrative duties to baronial councils, leaving untouched the judicial duties of the grand juries. Members of county and baronial councils will be elected every three years. It was formally read and the second reading fixed for the 3d of March.

A vote was taken in the French Chamber of Deputies on the 18th inst., on the Associations Bill, and resulted in its defeat by a vote of 304 to 212. M. Freycinet, Premier, at once offered his resignation.

There is considerable anxiety regarding the health of the Queen Regent of Spain, Marie Christina, who has been ill for some time past. The exact nature of her malady is not known, but it is said to be the after effects of an attack of influenza.

The weather is colder in Europe than at any time this winter. Snow has caused a suspension of traffic in Paris, and several people have been frozen to death. Central France and Germany are covered with snow that has brought railway traffic to a stand. In Switzerland travel is entirely suspended.

There was a foot of snow in Paris on Friday, the 12th inst., and the weather was extremely cold, though clear.

The one hundred and ninety-two Anarchists arrested in Cadiz will be tried by court-martial next month. There will be no executions.

The typhus and black smallpox epidemics are spreading across the frontier of Austria-Hungary into Galicia.

The railroad from Kimberley, the diamond mining center, to the South African republic, has already been built three-fourths of the way across the Orange Free State, and is now in operation as far as Kronstadt, within fifty miles of the Transvaal frontier.



"LOVE IN TANDEM."

Pamphlets have been scattered through Lithuania and Russian Poland calling upon the peasants to rise against the Government and the land-owners.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has given us a most enormously diverting comedy in "Love in Tandem," produced last week at his new theater—for to all intents and purposes it is brand new—on Broadway. The audience commences to "snigger" almost at the first sentence spoken, and gradually rises to a roar, which maintains itself until the artists are called before the curtain. Miss Ada Rehan never leaves the stage—she is here, there and everywhere. Mr. Drew, too, is almost always on, and we have high comedy at its very best. The plot of the piece is light, but the manner in which Mr. Daly has handled it causes it to sparkle like champagne. Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew are a gay married couple, who are too well off, and who endeavor to kill time—always a very dreary experiment. Imagining that they are tired of one another, Miss Rehan proposes not only a divorce, but to pick out a suitable partner for her *blasé* spouse. The fun—and it is exquisite fooling—all turns upon this, aided by Mr. Lewis, Miss Rehan's Chicago father, and the various characters adopted by Mr. Daly's supremely good company. We illustrate the scene wherein the father bids the daughter go to her husband, kiss and make up—where Mr. Drew is requested by his wife to fall in love with Miss Prince, with a view to matrimony, and where Miss Rehan selects the *ingénue* for the rôle which she imagines she is so desirous of quitting, while her heart is ready to break. Of course, Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew discover that they really love one another very dearly, and the curtain descends upon a witty epilogue, charmingly rendered by Ada Rehan.

FRANÇOIS ERNEST GASTON, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Prince de Mareillac, who lately led Miss Mattie Mitchell to the altar, was born April 21, 1853. He succeeded to the family title in December, 1879. The family motto is "C'est mon plaisir." The Duc is an ex-cavalry officer. The elder



The Duchess de Rochefoucauld, nee Mitchell.

branch of the La Rochefoucauld family descends from one, Foucauld, a cadet of the Sires de Lusignan, who received the land De la Roche, in the Angoumois, as an appanage. The La Rochefoucalds became successively barons, counts and dukes, the last title being conferred upon them in 1622, and in due time they also received the dukedoms of De Liancourt, d'Estissac and Doudeauville.

The Senate Chamber presented an unusual sight on the night of the 9th of February, for in the seats usually occupied by State Senators sat a bevy of fair women from Troy and other places where collars, cuffs and shirts are made and laundered. There must have been fully two hundred girls and women confronting the Prisons' Committee when they took their seats and announced a hearing on the bills limiting the number of workers in the prisons on these industries to one hundred in all the prisons. Miss Sullivan, of Troy, spoke for the collar girls of Troy. She favored entire abolition of the labor of prisoners as antagonizing organized or outside labor. The Legislature was in a position now to help them, and she hoped it would.—(See front page.)

THE INCANTATION OF THE MEDICINE MAN.—This is a scene common enough in Indian life. The brave has been called to the happy hunting ground. His squaws and nearest of kin squat around the tepee—even the papoose is a sharer in the grim ceremonial. The calumet has been placed in the defunct brave's mouth, and the Medicine Man is engaged in droning, or announcing, that the spirit has fled, while another brave beats upon a sort of tambourine. It is a singularly impressive ceremonial, essentially barbaric.—(See pages 8 and 9.)

OUR illustration on page 13 gives a peep at the beautiful Lower Bay of New York, with the boycotted steamer at anchor. Other scenes are also depicted, especially the anger of saloon passengers at being detained and the disappointment of friends expecting them to land. One person has died of the dreaded typhus, Mrs. Fayer Mermer, a Russian Hebrew, a passenger of the *Massilia*, which arrived here on January 30th. Other cases are looking very grave.





THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)



LOOKED round the room while he talked to himself. It seemed almost full of musical instruments. A huge Grand piano blocked one side; a chamber organ took up the whole of one end; violins and mandolins were placed in every corner.

"You are a musician?" I ventured to say. "No, no," he said; "they are waiting, they have never been touched; they are waiting for the most lovely woman in the world."

I ventured to put out my hand and take up one of the violins. He half started, as though he would have taken it from me; then he leant back again.

"Can you play?" he asked. "Yes," I answered, and drew the bow across the strings. It was out of tune, but I soon put that right; then played softly some of Mendelssohn's songs without words.

The effect upon the old man was curious; at first it seemed to give him pain almost unendurable, his limbs twitched, his face became convulsed with agony, beads of perspiration stood out upon his brow and ran down his face, he grew pale as death; then the agony seemed to pass away, his color came back, his eyes shown bright as stars, he drew his figure up, and his expression was one of ecstasy.

"Five years," he said—"five years since I heard the sound of music—beautiful agony, beautiful bliss, beautiful, beautiful—but not her touch, not her soul. Do you sing, sir?"

I told him that I did sing. "Sing to an old man," he said, "to an old man who has not heard the human voice in song for five long years. I never thought I should let any hands but hers touch the piano. But sing to me."

So I sat down and sang to him, sang the old, quaint song, "Annabel Lee." When I finished he was crying quietly, with his head in his hands and all his white hair falling over his face.

"They took her away from me," he said, with a sob in his voice, "to worse than a sepulcher—Oh, my God, worse than a sepulcher!—the most beautiful woman in the world, shut up in worse than a sepulcher!"

I think I started. I know it came to me quickly as a flash of lightning speeds across the sky, that he was speaking of my darling; that the empty chair, the unused instruments, were her; that this old man, like his master, had loved her; and that he had shut himself away from the world when the Law had convicted her.

"You sing beautifully," he said, controlling his emotion; "but it is not like her voice. Did you ever hear the voice of the most beautiful singer in the world?"

I said that I had heard Adelina Patti. But he laughed.

"A singer for gold, for the applause of men and women," he said; "a beautiful singer, but not the most beautiful singer in the world; not a voice that makes you thrill and tremble, laugh and cry, grow hot and cold; not the voice of a lovely woman—oh, such a lovely woman!—singing but to please two old men. Wait until you have heard Miss Moore sing, and you will think little enough of the world's Prima Donna."

I felt my heart leap; but I kept my voice steady. Surely from this half-mad old man I should find something which would help me in my undertaking.

"And when can I hear her sing?" I asked him, quietly.

He grew pale again.

"Hush!" he said. "Some birds pine and die when caged; some birds lose their voices when the iron bars keep them from the world; some birds beat their breasts to pieces and die. You can't hear her sing now; but listen!"

He rose from his seat, and came across to me, put his hands upon my shoulders, and whispered in my ear:

"You shall hear her voice some day; when I feel the world slipping away from me, if she has not come, you shall hear her voice."

"Will she come to you, then?" I asked, feeling, I hardly knew why, strangely excited.

A troubled look crossed his face. "Perhaps not," he said; "but when I am going from this world to the next, her voice shall sing to me, and I will take the sweet sound wherever I go to make my heaven."

THE HOP PLASTER Reaches the Spot of pain, soreness or weakness, and begins the cure at once.

Soothes and Invigorates Weak Nerves, Heals Tender Lungs, Limbers up Stiff Muscles and Joints, Allays Inflammation, Prevents Pneumonia, and cures all local ailments.

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YOU MUST get the genuine goods made by the Hop Plaster Company, Boston, Mass. Both sides of plaster show our name.

HONEST medicine dealers everywhere sell it. Mailed for price, 25 cts., five for a dollar.



GETTING SQUARE.

MR. TALLCHAP—"Those girls seem to be stuck on us."
MR. LITTLEMAN—"Us? Why, they are both looking at me!"
MR. TALLCHAP—"Takes both of them to see you, I suppose!"

He sank into a sort of doze or dream after this, and my thoughts had full play.

Whether it will be any help to me or not, I thought, one thing is certain—he has the missing phonograph. In his master's lifetime he probably kept down his great love for the lady secretary; but, his master dead, his first thought was to take the instrument which contained the voice of the girl he loved. He had never reproduced the sound; and now he looked for it to be his solace in his dying hour.

Not another word was spoken until Mary announced dinner. I tried to excuse myself. I pointed out to Mr. Croft that he knew nothing of me; but it was no good.

"I have expected you for years; don't disappoint me now by going away without your dinner. And tell me your name; I have forgotten it."

I told him my name, and he smiled.

"To be sure, Lionel Dickenson," he said. "Mary, have I not told you for months that I have been expecting Lionel Dickenson? and you thought he would not come. I must get up a bottle of good wine; it is five years since I drank any."

He wandered out of the room, and again I looked at the woman.

"What am I to do?" I asked.

"Stay," she said. "If you have any kindness in your heart, spare a half-witted old man an evening. It is five years since he sent for me, his sister, to come from the country and keep house for him. It is five years since he has spoken to one of his own sex, or seen anyone but me and one other. You must have heard of the Bromley Hall murder. My brother was the poor murdered gentleman's confidential servant. He loved the young lady who, they say, committed the murder; and he has shut himself up ever since the Law shut her up at Widelands. Perhaps seeing a new face may give him a new interest in life; so, if you can, stay."

"Has he always been a little strange?" I asked.

"No, only since the Law found Miss Moore guilty of murder," she answered.

"You will stay?"

"Yes," I said. "I will stay."

So I stayed and took dinner with the old man and his sister. Conversation did not flourish; they knew nothing of what was going on in the world, and seemed little interested when I told them, the old man especially. However, the dinner was good though plain, and I could but feel that Fortune was working upon my side when a little later a knock came to the door, and Mary, rising from her chair, returned ushering in a tall, handsome woman, who had evidently taken off an outer wrap, into the room, and introduced me to her as Mrs. Towlinson.

She bowed to me pleasantly, although she looked somewhat surprised. Then she went up to the old man, and put both her white hands upon his shoulders.

"I am pleased with you, Steve," she said, her voice and manner very charming. "Now you have broken the ice and invited one friend to dinner, I hope you will have someone every night; and I hope you will get out into the world again."

He put up his hand, and patted one of hers.

"No, no, Julia," he answered. "I shall never go out into the world again. But I

have been expecting this gentleman for five years."

She looked at me and smiled. She really was a most charming woman. I decided that my darling was wrong; Mrs. Towlinson, I felt sure, was not the sort of woman who, under any circumstances, could commit a murder.

"Five years," she answered; "that is a long while. What excuse have you to offer, Mr. Dickenson, for keeping anyone looking out for you for five years?"

"The best of reasons; I did not know that I was expected, otherwise I should have come long ago," I said.

"And I quite thought it would have been an accident," the old man went on, as though he was rather vexed than otherwise that it had not been. "He has been singing to me, Julia."

Her face changed a little; she looked anxiously at the old man.

"Were you wise to hear music?" she said, patting his shoulder. "Did it not distress you, Steve?"

"No," he answered, slowly. "It was like the echo of the past, but not so sweet; nothing ever can be so sweet as that. Sit down, Julia, and have some dinner; it's a cold night for you to have come out."

She took off her bonnet, and threw it upon a chair, just passing her hands over her thick hair; then she took her seat at the table.

"It would have to be a worse night than this to keep me from coming to see you, Steve," she said. "Do you know what day it is?"

"No," he answered, almost harshly. "I never know what day it is, except when the wind sends the sound of the chiming bells this way; then I shut myself up that I may not hear them, and know it is what fools call the Sabbath. What is the good of a Sabbath? There can be no God, or she would not be shut away from the world."

"Hush, hush, Steve!" she said. "There is a God, a very good God; and it is wrong to shut out the melody of the bells; you love music, and you should love their sound. Don't you know what day it is? It is your birthday!"

"Miserable day," he said—"miserable—miserable day!"

"No, happy day," she answered, with a sweet, womanly pity in her tone. "Happy day, since you have broken the ice and consented to see and talk with a fellow-man. And I have brought you a present, Steve."

"That is very kind of you, Julia," he said; "but presents are of little use to me. You know what I have been thinking of to-day, Julia?"

"No," she said.

"I have been thinking that I might have saved her. I read a book yesterday, and in it a woman had committed some crime, at least they thought she had, and the man who loved her took the blame upon his own shoulders, accused himself of it, gave himself up and suffered for her. Why did I not do that? Why did I not think of it? In the book, it all came right in the end, and he married the girl. Someone else had committed the crime—someone they had never thought of. Why did I not give myself up for Miss Moore?"

"It would have been no good," she said, sadly; "the way we saved her was the only way. This is my present, Steve."

She passed him a small packet.

He took the paper from it; his face grew deathly pale; he laid his cheek and his lips against it.

"My darling!" he said, "my darling! Julia—Julia, you break my heart when you give me this. Oh, my angel! my martyred angel! what can we do for you?"

He laid the picture down upon the table. It was an exquisitely-painted miniature of Miss Moore. It made my blood boil to see the old man kissing it.

"I must read the trial again," he said.

"I must see who did it. Julia—we both loved you, I and the dear master, before that Angel came to us. He would have asked you to have been his wife; he thought of doing so; he told me so the very day she came. And then he saw her; and though at first he loved her only as a beautiful child, there was no more thought of making you his wife. She changed the whole tenor of your life—spoiled it, some might say. You—you were not jealous?"

She smiled her kindly smile.

"No, I was not jealous. I loved her just as well as you did; and I loved her the first moment I saw her—who could help it?"

"But if she had not come," he went on, "you would have had nearly all the money—he told me so. Did you not want the money?"

"No," she said, smiling at him still, and speaking to him still in a soft, half-pitying tone. "I am not very fond of money, I think; and I had more than I could spend during Mr. Grey's lifetime. I am afraid you must look further than me for the murderer, Steve."

I could not help admiring the sweet womanliness which kept her good-tempered in spite of the undoubted suspicion which he for a moment entertained of her. Certainly it was the suspicion of a man who was more or less mad; but still some women would have been vexed.

"Further than you!" he said, looking at her in a peculiar, dazed manner. "No, Julia, I never suspected you, never for a moment; only, women are jealous sometimes, and sometimes they love money."

"Quite true, Steve," she said, "quite true. Read the trial again and again, old friend; and if you can discover anything, any evidence which will free Miss Moore from her horrible position, you will make me a happier woman than I am now."

She leant her head for a moment on her hand; her face grew careworn and old, almost ugly; deep lines sprang around her lips and eyes; even her figure seemed to bend and age and shrink. I looked at her, and I actually blamed the woman whom I loved for having suspected her. It seemed to me that, half mad and in love with the woman whom his rich master had loved and wished to marry, it was more likely that Mr. Croft himself had committed the murder; and, with the artfulness for which mad people are justly celebrated, he had suggested that he might have heroically taken upon himself the blame of the crime which he had really committed.

Mrs. Towlinson lifted her head after a moment or two. The lines of care vanished from her face, the beauty—for in a majestic way she was beautiful—returned, and she smiled.

"Is it all Greek to you, or do you know of what we are speaking?" she asked.

I judged it best to know.

"You have spoken of a murder," I said; "it is strange that it should be so, but such horrible subjects are generally interesting to everyone. What murder was it?"

She lifted her wineglass to her lips and drank the contents.

"A very painful murder to us," she said—"the Bromley Hall murder."

I thought for a moment.

"I do not remember reading of it," I said. She seemed surprised.

"And yet for months nothing else was spoken of," she said. "Five years ago everyone was airing their opinions upon the justice or injustice of the decision of the Judge and Jury, and men were laying their hearts at the feet of, I honestly believe, an innocent woman doomed a little later to spend the rest of her life in a criminal lunatic asylum."

"Five years ago," I said, "I was in Germany; that accounts for my not having heard of it. Would it be painful for you to tell me about it?"

She looked at the old, bent man.

"Would it be painful to you?" she asked.

(Continued on page 15.)

CONSUMPTION

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It soothes the inflamed tissues, aids expectoration, and hastens recovery.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
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RIDDLES.

I HAVE no head, and a tail I lack,
But oft have arms and legs and back;
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot—
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
Were a monarch now present (I tell you no fable),
I still should be placed at the head of the table.
A chair.

I AM small; but when entire,
Of force to set a town on fire;
Let but one letter disappear,
I then can hold a herd of deer;
Take one more off, and then you'll find
I once contained all humankind.
Spark, park, ark.

BABY'S SHOES.

WHEN the baby gets too big for his worsted shoes, of which he generally has about twenty pairs, owing to the thoughtfulness of the many friends of his mother, he is naturally put into foot-gear of leather. Even at this tender age he is proud of his shoes, and he grows so rapidly that he is soon too big for them, for the baby gets too big for his shoes just as a man often gets too big for his boots. It is pleasant to see a baby out-growing his shoes, when one is rich enough to supply new ones without feeling it, because the baby always grows out through the foremost part. That is, he grows out toes first, as though walking out of them.

The reason they do not wear out at the sole is probably owing to the fact that the baby is still unable to walk, even by holding on to a chair. The more the shoes wear out, the more beautiful they become in the eyes of the mother. She holds them up and looks them over, and smiles and kisses them, and thinks they are sweet enough to be hanged and decorated and framed, or to be hung upon a chateleine, or pressed in books like so many roses that commemorate sweet and precious memories.

"Algernon needs another pair of shoes," says the fond mother to the fond father, as he is starting out in the morning.

"What, another pair?" asks the fond father of the fond mother.

"Yes, another pair!" repeats the fond mother, with an emphasis that leaves little or no doubt in the mind of the fond father that Algernon really needs another pair of shoes, and that he needs them at once.

"Do they have copper-toed shoes for babies?" asks the fond father, with just a flavor of feeling.

"No; they do not," replies the fond mother, sharply.

"Then," continues the fond father, "it is because they think that if there should be any copper at all about a baby's shoe, it should be copper from beginning to end." And the fond father flies out of the house in such a hurry that he forgets to kiss the fond mother good-bye.

A woman doesn't look at the expense incident to shoeing a baby in the same light that a man does. When a man first wakens to this drag on the pocketbook he is filled with dire forebodings. He thinks it about time to sell the house, dismiss one of the girls and move into cheaper quarters. In fact, he thinks it time to economize in everything but cigars and club dinners. The sight of a mere shoe-store sends an unpleasant thrill over his anatomy, while a casual glimpse of the man who is the possessor of three or four babies causes him to shudder and pass hurriedly on his way, buried in deep thought. He thinks the greatest blessing of babyhood is the fact that, while the baby is sleeping, the shoes are not wearing out. He cannot buy them in large quantities and thus reduce the price, inasmuch as by the time one pair is reduced to holes and fractures, even if this is the case three days after they have first been put on, the others will be entirely too small. And he sings:

"Of one thing I'm more than certain,
'Tis a great, golden truth, and that's
It costs more to keep a baby in shoes
Than it does a woman in hats."

It is pleasant to note the expression of sublime patience that shines upon the happy countenance of the young mother when she is sewing buttons on the baby's shoes. Of course, it is a long, tedious undertaking, because she cannot successfully seek the assistance of the sewing-machine. The more buttons there are on the shoes the better she seems to like sewing them on.

These old shoes are as comfortable to her eyes as an old pair of shoes are to a man's feet, and she never tires of mending them. Occasionally the soles are sewed to the insteps with white thread, even if the shoes are black; and sometimes the insteps are darned like a stocking, or patched like the aftermath of a small boy's trousers. When the baby is breaking in a pair of new shoes, the pain is sometimes so great that his mother, thinking something else the matter, lovingly proceeds to clothe his inner baby with paregoric. But the baby is not so successful in breaking in his shoes as he is in breaking them out. When he travels about on his hands and knees, he doesn't do so entirely from a motive of economy; and, if he were actuated by so sweet and ennobling a sentiment, the shoes would be shattered in as brief a period of time. The mysterious rapidity with which a baby's shoes fade into a shapeless, useless wreck can never be explained. It will ever be a mystery. And it will ever be a source of great gratitude

to a man to feel that while his baby is crawling about on the floor, that he doesn't require shoes on his hands as well as on his feet. But the baby's shoes will ever be dear to the mother, even when the baby has left the realm of babyhood and become a big, freckled boy. And at this time nothing would give her greater pleasure than to take the picture of the baby and frame it in a wreath constructed of the old, worn-out, shapeless, but ever-precious shoes in which he learned to toddle. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

IF GIRLS PROPOSED.

"HOW blind men are!" was the comment of handsome and happy Esther Layton on a confession of her accepted lover, Robert Ashton. Two weeks before they had been engaged, and the golden sunsets and roseate dawns which gild the mornings and evenings of true-lover's days had been especially radiant for them, for the reason, perhaps, that this was their first serious affair of the heart. The bloom had not been kissed from the peach, and their love seemed to them something deeper, truer, tenderer than the love in which young men and women are daily falling.

"I have been in love with you for months," Robert Ashton said, "but I could not get the courage to tell you. I feared you might say no, and then—"

"How blind men are!" was Miss Layton's response.

"I suppose you mean that I should have known, that I should have understood what you felt?"

"Certainly."

"I am not a mind-reader nor a heart-reader, either," he replied.

"No; you are a man, and in love affairs a man is just as blind, intellectually, as Bartimeus ever was, physically."

"Are women more gifted than men in this respect; have they a love-sight in addition to natural sight?"

"Something very like it."

"And did you know that I loved you before I told you so?"

"Yes; a long, long time before."

"Then, as you loved me—you know you have told me so—why didn't you show your love and put me out of my suspense?" demanded the lover, with a tinge of triumph in his question.

"I did, over and over again. In a thousand ways I showed you that my love answered yours; but, like all men, you were blind and could not see. I couldn't say, in words: 'I love you, Robert;' and it seems that men will understand nothing else. I used to wonder how you could misunderstand me, and how you could fear—for I saw that you did fear—that I did not love you. It seemed so plain to me that you were in love, and so plain that I had shown how I welcomed and returned your feeling, that your blindness was almost puzzling."

"Don't you think it was as much your vagueness as my blindness that prevented my seeing that my case was hopeful?"

"Not at all. It was a piece of blindness, pure and simple. Sometimes I think that men are not only blind in matters of love, but deaf and paralyzed as well, so that they neither see, hear nor feel; but certainly they are blind."

"Well, perhaps they are, but I imagine if women proposed they would be just as blind."

"But they would not. After a man had shown the woman who was wooing him that he loved her, she would know. Possibly she would not venture a proposal on the first, or second, or tenth intimation; but after she had seen day after day the same clear language of love, she would not be blind enough to let it go unread."

"Now, Miss Ashton," said her lover, rising and putting on his most severe, cross-examining look (he is a lawyer), "you have been making some very interesting statements, but you have dealt wholly in assertions and glittering generalities; you will greatly oblige if you will come down to plain facts, and state explicitly by what act or sign men are to understand that they are beloved."

"This is not a court—"

"Oh, yes it is; and—"

"You are the advocate and have won your case, but I will not answer your question until you sit down and throw aside your lawyer's ways."

"Very well, here I am at your feet as befits a learner; teach me Love's language."

"Love speaks a various language," was the reply.

"The pressure of a hand, the quick gladness reflected in a face at a chance meeting, the moderation of a voice, the tell-tale timidity which makes a lover reserved where a friend would be free, and, most unmistakable of all, the love-look in the eyes which none can hide—these are some of the ways in which Love speaks. Perhaps it needs a woman's perception and intuition to understand this language, but it seems so plain that all but the blind should not fail to see it."

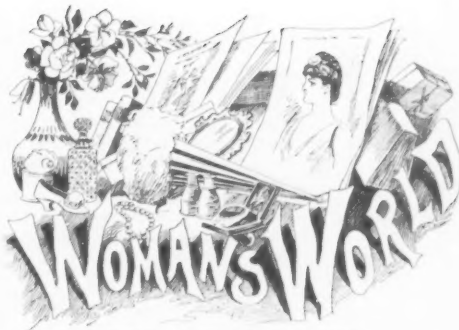
"If women proposed, would these hand-pressures and reflected gladnesses and love-looks be interpreted?"

"Assuredly; but, of course, women never will propose, not even in leap-year; custom is against it, and makes a girl who proposes almost a criminal."

"All this shall be changed; I vow it!" said Robert Ashton, dramatically. "The tremendous saving of suspense which would result from a tremor under which the feminine love-linguists proposed cannot be estimated. I will draft a bill making it a crime, without benefit of clergy, for any man to propose, and will have it presented to the next Congress. If possible, I will save my unengaged fellows from the months of torturing doubt and suspense that I suffered; and if I succeed, my name should be held in perpetual reverence."

"And if your bill becomes a law, you will see that the women will not be blind, as the men are, and blunder on, unseeing, until they finally propose in sheer desperation. Everything in the way of love will be better done—if the girls propose."

H. F. MAISH.



HOME-MADE COMPLEXION.

THE extent to which cosmetics of all kinds, especially mischievous ones, have come into use, is simply alarming. It is the naked truth that few women now living in large cities are satisfied with the complexions that God has given them. A few years ago a reproach hung about a woman or girl who "painted," unless she belonged to the stage, and females in private life would be ashamed to have skin-purifiers found about their dressing-tables. But they have got bravely over that, and, in this country alone, there are over twenty thousand drug-stores doing a flourishing business in "blooms of youth," "balms," "beauty restorers," "débutante flower" and a



THE DRAWING-ROOM POCKET.—The chair-like frame, recalling the tuckaway style, is in wood, enameled or covered with plush, corresponding or contrasting with the scarf, which is artistically draped across the back, and embellished with a floral spray. A breadth of Sicilian cloth is carelessly thrown over the back, and arranged to form a pocket representing the seat, with a boxpleat in the center, and two ends drooping down on each side.

hundred and one other injurious compounds. The stuff unquestionably gives softness and beauty of color to the skin for the time, but everyone soon knows it is artificial, and in due course the skin is utterly ruined.

I by no means think that the use of certain kinds of cosmetics is harmful, but nine women out of ten use those having lead and other poisonous and skin-destroying agencies in their composition. It is hard to trust anything of the kind coming from a drug-store, though, if you know the harmless preparations, you can get them from reputable apothecaries. Here is a recipe which came into my hands some time ago. It was used during all her life by the celebrated beauty, Lola Montez, and her skin was always like satin. Before retiring she bathed her face, hands and arms in hot water, finishing with cold. If there was any trace of chapping, she mixed oatmeal with water and laid the paste between two pieces of linen, cutting holes for the nose, eyes and mouth, and fastened on the mask for the night. To keep the meal in place, the mask was quilted. She sometimes used almond meal rubbed on



SACHET FOR LACE AND HANDKERCHIEFS.—Panel in white satin, ornamented with fringe and sprays of rosebuds and foliage, with birds embroidered or painted. Frame in striped tinsel Bengaline, edged with a cord in chenille and glittering thread; the inside pockets are lined with pale-blue satin, well scented, and corresponding with the butterfly-bow at the top in ombre ribbons. Two cord loops and fancy buttons fasten the two flaps, which gradually narrow toward the top like a tea-cosy.

dry. This treatment always kept the skin soft, did not interfere with the flow of perspiration and was soothing.

An Italian dancer, remarkable also for skin soft as a pansy petal, had a recipe which many women on the stage, who are very careful about their skin, and thousands of ladies in private life constantly use. I doubt if it can be got in the drug-stores, but here it is: Take seven ounces of

almond oil; three drops of rose or some other very strong perfume; two ounces of lily bulbs; four ounces of rose water; two ounces of spermaceti and four drams of white wax. Melt the oils and wax together, add the perfumes, then beat the whole as white of eggs for a cake. Keep in a cool place—it will be good for years—and apply briskly with the hands and fingers. This can be made at home, and I am sure that there is no cold cream or patent preparation at all equal to it in excellence.

So much for keeping the skin soft. Women and girls, of course, must also have creamy complexions tinged with rose. So they get an odious paste, which is a sort of varnish, for it stops the pores of the skin completely. The rouge is rubbed on over this in different degrees of thickness. It is this paste that is doing the great mischief. Hundreds of thousands of bottles of it are sold every year in this city. Society girls and women buy it; the shop-girl, the factory-girl, the typewriter, the ballet-girl, the actress—every description of women have the vile stuff for toilet purposes. As I have said, it looks well; it gives a doll-like bloom to the face; but it kills the expression by fettering the play of the numerous nerves, the combined action of which produces what is called "expression."

Five years, yea, two or three years of its use, and the skin is destroyed. The pores are all closed and the surface is pallid, dry, rough and leathery, and it serves the arms just as it does the face. Notice the ghastly, moribund color of so many second-class actors and even actresses in the day. This is owing to the use of the villainous stuff I have been describing in their stage make-up.

A little touch of rouge for ladies, if not applied too often, is not very harmful, and might be used with some such treatment of the skin as I have described above.

May

White Lodge,
Richmond Park

If each man see his
measure
Would do a brother's
part,
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart
How changed would
be our country
How changed would
be our poor
And then might
Merrie England
Deserve her name
once more

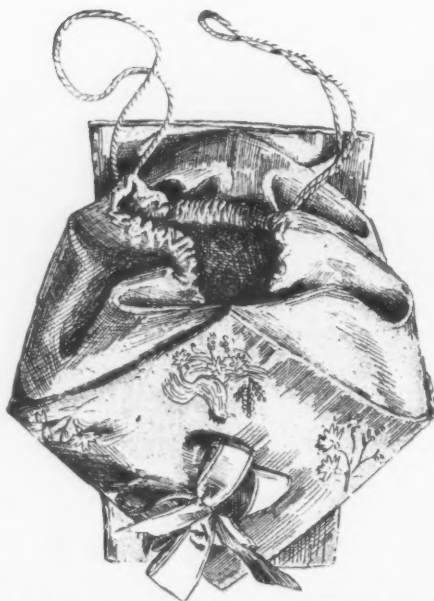
FAC-SIMILE OF A POEM WRITTEN BY THE PRINCESS MAY, Which was printed on the back of the programme of a dramatic performance held at Cromwell House, South Kensington, on Saturday, February 11th, 1888, in aid of the St. Katharine's Prison Rescue Work.

PATCHING AND PAINTING.

WHEN the Court beauties of Louis Quinze began to gum pieces of black taffeta on their cheeks to heighten the brilliancy of their complexions, they flattered themselves with the notion that they had made a new and wonderful discovery. They little thought they had been long antedated in this ridiculous conceit by the fops of the English Court of Queen Elizabeth, who took an insane delight in decorating or (as we should say) disfiguring their faces with studies in black, in the shape of stars, crescents and lozenges.

A quaint rhythm of the period says:

"To draw an arrant fop from top to toe,
Whose very look at first dash show him so:
Give him a mean, proud garb, a dapper grace,
A pert, dull grin, a black patch across his face."



BREAKFAST EGG POCKET—This dainty arrangement is intended as a cozy, in which are placed the boiled eggs, ready for breakfast. It affects the shape of a bag in Roman sheeting, is lined with flannel or Molliton, and drawn together at the mouth with chenille cord. The diamond-like panel in plush displays in turns at each corner a hen, poppies, cornflowers and a huge bow in Ottoman ribbon, with a satin border.

The earliest mention of "patching" by the ladies of England occurs in a quaint play called "The Artificial Changeling," issued in 1653 by one, Bulwer. "Our ladies," says the author, "have lately entertained a vain custom of spotting their faces, out of an affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had; and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes." Of one very fashionable lady it was sung:

"Her patches were of every cut
For pimples and for scars;
Here are the wandering planets' signs
And most of the fixed stars."

The "coach-and-horses" patch was an especial favorite, but the devices were of almost infinite variety—birds, beasts, fishes, flowers and "dragons, gorgons and chimeras dire," figuring in the wonderful devices which were supposed, rightly or wrongly, to enhance the beauty of the "human face and form divine."

The Puritan preachers were, as might be supposed, furious in their declamations against the new fashion. One, Josiah Smith, printed "An Invective against Black-spotted Faces," in which he warned the sinners of the time that—

"Hellgate is open day and night
To such as in black spots delight.
If pride their faces spotted make,
For pride then hell their souls will take;
If folly be the cause of it,
Let simple fools then learn more wit."

In Queen Anne's time, when political feeling ran high, partisan dames used their patches as symbols of their political faith. Whig dames patched the right cheek and



Fig. 1. Grass Embroidery on Brown Satin.

Tory dames the left cheek, while neutral ladies patched both cheeks alike.

In the middle of the last century an alarming state of affairs was brought about by reason of the fashion which

had so steadily increased the size of the patches that the latter threatened to conceal the face altogether, and bring about what a gallant but fanciful writer ventured to predict, a "total eclipse of the sun of female beauty."

But bad as "patching" was, it was ever deemed by sober-minded English folk a less reprehensible fashion than painting the face. Ever since Jezebel "painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window" as the avenging Jehu entered in at the gate, women in all ages and all countries have endeavored to improve Nature by painting their faces. Englishwomen painted as early as the fourteenth century, and in Shakespeare's time it was common enough, judging from a well-known passage in "Love's Labor Lost," in which the witty Biron defends his dark lady-love in these ingenious lines:

"If in black my lady's brow be decked,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect.
And, therefore, is she born to make black fair."
"Her favor turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would itself dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow."

If the Puritan preachers were "dead nuts" upon patches, you may be sure they were violent against painting. One, Philip Stubbs, called it adulterating the Lord's workmanship, and quoted Hamlet's reproach, "God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another."

But the objection to the custom of painted faces was by no means limited to the Puritan divines. Sir John Har-

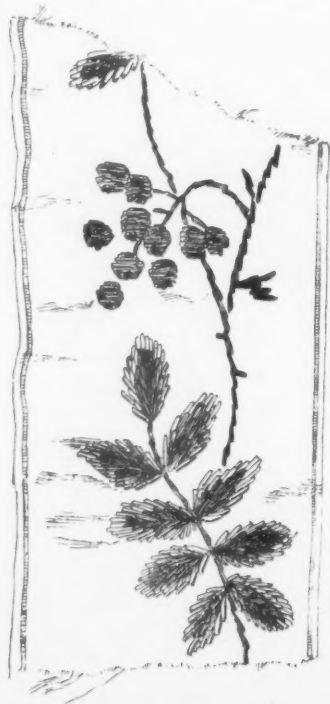


Fig. 2. Grass Embroidery on White Satin.

GRASS EMBROIDERY—The numerous uses to which the artistically striped pieces of texture known as Madagascan grass curtains can be applied are manifold, and the long threads, which are easily frayed out, are admirably adapted for embroidery. The colors are all very good as far as they go, but are only five in number—yellow, burnt sienna, brown-black, the lightest tint of fawn, and green of two shades. It is best to do the whole of a piece of work from one curtain, as the corresponding colors are not always of the same tint, especially as regards the greens, which are brighter in some pieces than in others. For some patterns these few colors are enough—for fading leaves, for instance, for which they are particularly suitable. Virginia creeper leaves are exceedingly effective. Outlining and filling in can be done equally well, and, when extra thickness is required, two threads can be taken on the needle at once. The grass is decidedly pleasant to work with, and, presenting a flat surface, sets very smoothly on the material, the neat little stitches looking like the strokes of a paintbrush. Some of the curtains are looser in texture than others; the looser are best for working, the threads being stouter and more readily separated. In the hand they look a little crinkled, but this peculiarity disappears in the working. Not only does the grass form an excellent substitute for silk, but in some respects it is actually superior to it, being more durable, having no tendency to fade or get rubbed and fluffy in use, and passing absolutely unscathed through the hands of the family laundress. (See figures 1 and 2.)

ington, "a man about town," declared he would rather salute the glove of his lady than her face, and explained himself in this couplet:

"If with my reason you would be acquainted,
Your gloves are perfumed, but your face is painted."

Sam Pepys, who, with all his outward propriety, had, according to his own confession, a sneaking regard for Nell Gwyn, admits his dislike of her habit of "putting red on her face."

In Queen Anne's time, the use of paints and cosmetics was carried to such a degree that Steele, in a letter to the *Spectator*, declared that women of fifty passed muster for maidens of twenty, and even married under the strange disguise and counterfeit, much to the disgust and alarm of their husbands when they discovered that they had been mated under an entire misapprehension as to the age and complexion of their brides.

LITTLE NELL.

A COMPLETE set of Dickens's works will be given for the best essay on Dickens's favorite heroine, Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop." All essays must be type-written, on one side of the paper only, and must not exceed one thousand words in length. The name and address of the sender must be written in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. This contest closes April 1, 1892. No essays can be returned under any circumstances.



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BOUDOIR AT LUTON HOO BEDFORDSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME DE FALBE, IN WHICH THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE WAS AFFIANCED TO PRINCESS MAY OF TECK.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.



RUDYARD KIPLING the eminent author, who is now traversing this country, en-route for Robert Louis Stevenson's residence in Samoa, accompanied, as Stanley was, by his wife and mother-in-law, is rising seven-and-twenty, and is a short, stoutly-built, yet pale-faced and somewhat delicate-looking man of Indian birth, with a drooping, brown moustache, keen, blue eyes and a resolute face, on which time and incident have prematurely traced many tell-tale marks, though a boyish smile at times breaks through his almost melancholy expression. He wears a pair of spectacles with divided lens, which, together with a scarlet fez, give him a somewhat cynical look, and calls himself "the man who came from nowhere." In manner he is somewhat sedate and even shy, but he converses with a calm assurance of knowledge that carries conviction. He does all his writing at night, and is so minute in his elaboration that he speaks every word aloud in order that he may better judge of its fitness. He now asks fancy prices for his stories, and gets them; yet it is not quite three years ago, when passing through New York, that he called on a leading publishing firm and offered them for reprinting "Soldiers Three" and other pieces of his, now famous. He was speedily shown the door, and told that a firm devoted to the publication of literature of a high class could not trouble itself with such writings. Mrs. Kipling, who is described as a "clever young woman of fairly good looks," is a Vermonter by birth. She is a sister of the late lamented Wolcott Balestier, who was joint author with Kipling of "Naulahka," and is the same age as her husband. They were married only a few weeks since. Both his sisters have recently published novels, and his mother, whom he calls the "wittiest woman in India," has lately taken to writing poetry. It is quite probable that his grandparents, if yet alive, are also possessed of latent literary power.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, who represents these United States at the Court of St. James, is a tall, broad-shouldered, pleasant-looking man, with bright, piercing eyes, and a

full dark beard, and in manner is urbane and courteous, being not altogether destitute of that rugged humor which characterized the Martyr President, whose eldest and only surviving child he is. He is now eight-and-forty, and was born at the Globe Tavern in Springfield, Ill., for his illustrious father owned no home in those days. After his primary studies had been concluded, he was sent to the Illinois State University, and later to the Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., and then to Harvard, from whence he graduated in 1864. Then he entered a law school, but soon left it to go to the front, and obtained a commission as captain in the army from Secretary Stanton, being sent Virginia-wards to serve on the staff of General Grant. He saw the fall of Petersburg, and was present at the surrender at Appomattox. He returned to Washington on the day of his father's assassination, after which he went to Chicago with his mother, bent on entering a business career. It was a hard task, for he was determined not to use his great name as capital, and no lawyer ever plodded more diligently and conscientiously along the slow road to success than he. Law and politics go hand in hand, and, in 1876, he was elected supervisor of the South Town, Chicago, which he wrestled from the grasp of a corrupt "ring." When General Garfield was elected President, in 1881, he named Mr. Lincoln for Secretary of War. There had been no correspondence between them on the subject, and the information was conveyed to him in a letter which read as follows: "I propose, if you consent, to nominate you for Secretary of War." At first he was inclined to refuse the proffered honor, but his loyalty to his party led him to accept it, and army officers declare that the Department was never so efficiently and satisfactorily conducted as during his tenure of office.

When Mr. Cleveland came into power, he returned to Chicago and resumed the practice of law where he had left off, and continued it until the spring of 1889, when President Harrison appointed him Minister to England. The nomination was sent to the Senate without his knowledge. He at first declined the appointment, for, although the United States Minister to England occupies one of the most important diplomatic positions in the world, he is poorly paid, and Mr. Lincoln is not rich. President Harrison, however, urged him to reconsider the matter, and for the sake of his party he did so. He threw up his law business in Chicago, and went to London, where he has made himself as popular as James Russell Lowell and Edward J. Phelps did before him. He is held in highest esteem both by those who know him and by those who don't, because of the name he bears, and also because of his own sterling qualities. He is married to a daughter of Senator Harlan, of Iowa, and has two grown-up daughters, one of whom was recently married to the son of his law partner. His only son, who bore the historic name of "Abe," died last year at the age of eighteen. He is somewhat reserved and retiring by nature, and prefers the company of his own family to what is called society. In short, he is an American Gentleman with a big "G," and, as his name has recently been prominently mentioned as a Presidential Possibility, the following description of him as a child, written by President Lincoln to a friend, in 1846, may not be without interest: "Bob is short and low, and I expect always will be. He talks very plainly, almost as plainly as anybody. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear he is one of the little rare-ripe sort that are smarter at about five than ever after. He has a good deal of that spirit of mischief that is the offspring of much animal spirits. Since I began this letter a messenger has come to tell me that Bob was lost; but by the time I reached the house his mother had found him and had him whipped, and by now, very likely, he is run away again."

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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VARIETIES.

THE district of Latakia, which gives its name to the famous tobacco, is situated in the north of Syria, and occupies the site of the ancient Laodicea.

Secret voting was practiced by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The word "ballot" comes from the French *ballotte*, a little ball. The first record of the use of a ballot-box is that of 1526, when such was employed in the election of aldermen in London.

In the "Fork Range" of mountains in western North Carolina a singular phenomenon exists. It is the "Breathing Cave." In summer a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person cannot walk against it, while in winter the rush of air inward is just as great. The cool air from the cave in summer is felt sometimes for miles in a direct line.

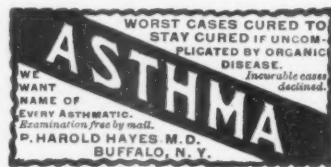
A curious point in Swedish criminal law is that confession is necessary before a capital sentence can be carried out. If, however, the culprit persists in protesting his innocence in the face of overpowering evidence, the prison discipline is made extremely strict and severe until the desired confession is obtained.

VALENTINE CONTEST DECISION.

THE prize in this contest has been awarded to Theodore Toppell, P. O. Box 421, New York City, for the following answer:

"No signature! It is the style,
So I must do the same,
And shall remain unknown to you,
And not subscribe my name.
But surely you can guess it yet—
You know who dares not sign,
And trembles that you might forget
Your humble Valentine!"

Names worthy of honorary mention will be published in our next number.



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J. H. HILAND, General Freight Agent.
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